Tattoo Me

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Tattoo Me

by slashyrogue

Summary

Hannibal Lecter is struck by the sight of a beautiful, tattooed man with a lip ring and curls like a Botticelli painting holding a bottle of wine at his door.

Too bad the very beautiful, tattooed man does not like him.

~Direct Sequel to Tattoo You~

Chapter 1

Hannibal anticipated the arrival of his guests with both excitement and dread. His brother's new paramour was someone he wanted to at the very least be cordial with, seeing as how Nigel had never quite looked at someone the way he'd seen him look at Adam.

Their relationship was not quite more than perfunctory at this point, especially since he'd decided to pursue being a doctor over the career Nigel had always wanted them to share: Tattoo Artistry. Their parents had been against it, but he'd promised Nigel he would defy them, and after the deaths of both their parents and younger sister he'd done the opposite, going to medical school. Nigel had still not quite forgiven him. Perhaps this dinner was the sign of a new chapter in their relationship, though the glee in Nigel's voice when he'd told Hannibal about the additional guest he was bringing made him think otherwise.

Hannibal anticipated a boorish Neanderthal he'd have to endure in order to endear himself to Nigel's new boyfriend. He steeled himself when the doorbell rang, rushing to answer, and froze when he saw who was on the other side.

A beautiful, tattooed man with a lip ring and curls like a Botticelli painting stood there holding a bottle of wine.

"Oh wow," he said, pushing up his glasses as he smiled, "You really are his brother."

Hannibal blinked. "You are....Nigel's guest, Will?"

Will held out the wine that he took from him and stepped inside. "That's me, yeah. Are they here yet?"

Hannibal was flustered as he shook his head, and Will looked around with wide eyes. "Oh wow, that's so....is that a Mondrian?"

He blushed. "You... know modern art?"

Will's face fell. "Yeah, why? Do I not look like I would?"

Hannibal frowned. "No, I merely..."

Will crossed his arms. "I almost graduated with a minor in modern art but ended up with a Criminal Justice degree. You know, just because I-"

"Knock, knock."

They both turned to see Adam and Nigel standing in the open doorway.

"Is something wrong?" Adam asked.

Will scoffed. "Nope, not at all. Where's the john?"

"It's the third door down that hallway!" Nigel said, coming inside with a huge smile on his face as he closed the door while Will rushed off, "I see you've met Will."

Hannibal frowned. "I'm afraid I've offended him."

"YOU? NO WAY! C'mon, Darling, let me show you the dining room. Hannibal's got a ton of weird stuff in there."

Adam frowned. "Ok, Nigel. Hello, Hannibal."

"Hello, Adam. It's nice to see you again. Please let me direct you."

The three of them walked to the dining room, and Hannibal left to check on the food feeling rather forlorn. Nigel's guest was quite possibly the most beautiful man he'd ever seen, and he didn't know how to fix his blunder.

He sighed as he checked the roast, done quite soon, and headed back to his guests only to see Will staring at this painting of Leda and the Swan. "I see you---"

Will glared at him. "Yeah, I know this one too. I also read big books, and I can even draw, see?" he lifted up his shirt sleeve, and Hannibal stared in awe at the beautiful tattoos covering his arm.

"You're quite talented," he said, licking his lips, "Such beautiful, dark imagery, and quite detailed. It must've taken you a very long time."

Will was blushing when he looked up and let his sleeve down. "Um, yeah."

"Will, I wanted to apologize for my earlier blunder. I didn't mean to offend you."

He sighed. "It's fine, I'm used to it."

"You shouldn't have to be. I---"

Nigel suddenly came around and put hands on both their shoulders.

"How's shrink life treatin' ya, Brother?"

Hannibal saw Will rear back as if he'd been struck, paling, and frowned. "It's been….Will, is something wrong?"

"I need air, excuse me."

Nigel patted his shoulder. "You make Adam's mac and cheese?"

Hannibal stared as Will left the dining room. "Yes, with the specifics requested. Your friend Will does not seem to like me."

"Imagine that," Nigel said, his smile making Hannibal glare, "A guy with a lip ring and a tattoo sleeve doesn't like a pretentious asshole doctor."

“Nigel, I understand your resentment that I chose to pursue medicine over opening the shop as we’d discussed, but I would’ve thought you’d put that behind you by now.”

“Well, I didn’t,” Nigel spat, stepping back, “You know, I was fucking struggling for over a year---”

“AND I GAVE YOU A SUBSTANTIAL LOAN!”

“IT WAS THE LEAST YOU COULD DO!”

“COULD YOU PLEASE STOP YELLING?” They both turned to see Adam with his head in his hands, and Nigel raced over just as Will reentered the room.

“I see I missed all the fun.”

Hannibal glared at him. “Excuse me.”

He did not say a word as he went to the kitchen and took out everything to put on the cart. This meal would go well, and it seemed Nigel’s boyfriend didn’t dislike him. He refused to care so much that Will did and told himself it did not matter when he pushed the food into the room. He froze when he saw it was just he and Will in the dining room.

"Where are Nigel and Adam?"

"Adam got upset and ran out of the room and Nigel followed him," Will mumbled, not looking up.

"And you---"

"I'm hungry, what can I say?" Will said, "And it smells good."

"Well, I hope---"

"How much do you charge your clients per hour?"

Hannibal paused as he held a bowl. "What?"

"How much do you charge?"

"It's a sliding scale."

"Over a hundred dollars?"

Hannibal set down the bowl with a sigh. "Will, I understand you may not like psychiatry, but I treat my patients with care. I take all forms of insurance and...."

"That Leda painting is worth a bundle," Will said, standing up now, "So I'm gonna guess you don't do it for philanthropic reasons."

"Do you do your job for free, Will?"

"Obviously not, I just---"

Hannibal set down a bowl hard. "I imagine you had a psychiatrist who mistreated you at some point in your life. That was NOT me. I do not deserve your ire for their crimes, now do I?"

Will blushed as he poked some beef on the platter. "You can't pretend you're the only ethical shrink in the universe."

"You're more than welcome to come to a session and test that theory."

Will winced, glaring at him again. "Is that what this is? You want to psychoanalyze me, Dr. Lecter? You wouldn't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed."

"That is not what I said, and you have purposefully taken it as an offense."

"How else am I supposed to take it?"

"You--"

Nigel and Adam returned then, Adam's eyes wet and lips obviously pink from amorous attention. He kept close to him and pulled out his chair while Will just scoffed heading for his seat. Adam's eyes lit up when he saw the macaroni and cheese bowl.

"Oh, that was so nice of you!"

Hannibal watched Nigel put the food on his plate, looking at him oddly, and he just smiled at Adam.

"Nigel told me it was your favorite."

Adam lit up as he looked at Nigel. "You did?"

"Of course, Darling, I.....I wanted you happy."

"Nigel---"

Hannibal sat down and locked eyes with Will again, who looked at him oddly. His gaze was not entirely filled with anger, and Hannibal was unsure of how to take it. The meal was a bit less combative with Adam lighting up everyone in the room, talking about how he and Nigel met and Will's involvement.

"....and now I spend most of my time at Nigel's apartment. I like it there, and...." he smiled at Nigel, who squeezed his hand, "Nigel makes me very happy."

"I can see that."

"And Will---"

"Will is a lone wolf," Will said, his cheeks a bit flushed from his third glass of wine. "Mostly because he has fucked up nightmares and hates shit like this."

Hannibal frowned. "You have nightmares?"

Will downed his wine glass. "I'm NOT talking to you."

"Um, Will, I think you might be drinking too much," Adam said.

Will sighed. "Yeah, probably."

Hannibal sighed as he stood. “I am going to clear the plates and get dessert. Any objections?”

Will filled his wine glass again, taking off his glasses, and Hannibal was struck by the sight of him. How someone so handsome could be so unpleasant seemed like such a waste.

“Nope,” Will said, taking another drink, “Have at it, *Doc*.”

Nigel got up from his seat. “I’ll—I can help.”

To say Hannibal was surprised was an understatement, but he nodded and together they left Adam and Will for the kitchen. “I have made a chocolate—"

“Hey,” Nigel said, “I think I need to say…” he sighed, “Sorry. About earlier and about Will.”

Hannibal didn’t look at Nigel as he took the chocolate cake out of the refrigerator. “You invited him because you knew he’d dislike me.”

“Yeah.”

“And you knew I’d be attracted to him.”

Nigel didn’t say anything for a moment and Hannibal looked up to see him not smiling. “You are?”

Hannibal blinked. “You didn’t realize?”

“I thought you’d hate him, and the two of you have been fighting like hell all night so no I just guessed you hated him right back.”

Hannibal blushed. “Oh.”

“But I mean, I barely know him I just know he’s anti rich and pretty much hates anything… well anything *you* like.”

“And yet you invited him here where he’d feel uncomfortable as a thank you for helping bring you and the love of your life together at last? I think you owe Will an apology as well. Perhaps after he’s sobered up to avoid confrontation.”

Nigel looked sheepish. “Yeah, I guess. You gonna bring that out? Need me to carry plates?”

“We should’ve taken the dirty plates first can you go get them?”

“Sure.”

Nigel left and Hannibal stared at his cake. He had very low expectations for this evening and at the very least he knew Adam liked him. Nigel returned and added dishes to the sink along with Adam in tow. Hannibal frowned as he walked into the dining room and saw Will was lying with his cheek pressed against the table.

“If you need to rest—"

“I need NOTHING from you, *Doc*. Not even that stupid cake. I—"

He attempted to stand and promptly fell over, much to Hannibal’s dismay as he ran to help. “WILL!”

Hannibal knelt down to check his vitals. He was just asleep.

“OH NO!”

Hannibal frowned at Nigel. “I think perhaps dessert should be sent home. Can you carry him to your car?”

Nigel sighed. “We didn’t bring the car. I brought my bike. Will brought his too.”

He looked at Nigel. “He’d much rather—"

“You’ve got like ten guest rooms and he’s the idiot who got drunk and acted like an ass. If you really want me to come back, I will, but it’s up to you, Brother.”

Hannibal sighed. “I suppose he can stay until morning. Help me carry him please?”

“He’s not that big,” Nigel laughed.

“Nigel…you’re being rude,” Adam said, “You should help.”

Hannibal’s amusement at Nigel’s sudden help made this barely passable evening much better.

“Thank you, Adam.”

Adam smiled. “You’re welcome.”

Nigel and Hannibal carried Will upstairs to the guest room by Hannibal’s own, and they took off his boots before Nigel said “You gonna take off his—" Hannibal glared at him and covered Will with the comforter.

“I wouldn’t be so uncouth as to take off his clothing,” he looked at Will, “I…I’m sorry that..” he sighed, “The night ended this way.”

Nigel clapped him on the back. “I didn’t help, either so, next time dinner’s at my place.”

Hannibal smiled as he left the room with him. “I’d like that, Nigel.”

They headed downstairs where they found Adam eating cake and soon the decision to send dessert home changed to a shared meal. Hannibal was loathe to have them leave but soon he walked them out and closed the door. Hannibal cleaned the dishes and headed up to look in on Will who hadn’t moved. Even in repose Will was still the most beautiful man he’d ever laid eyes on.

“Goodnight, Will.”

He went to bed then, expecting to greet Will in the morning. But when he was woken up by a scream in the dark. He rushed from bed to find Will sitting up in bed with the lights on and head in his hands. He didn’t move, concerned, and then Will looked up.

“Don’t.”

Hannibal stood there for far too long before he headed back to bed. He woke with the sun, making breakfast, and was more than surprised that Will came to the dining room.

“Good morning.”

Will sighed. “I…about last night…"

“You’ve had bad experiences with psychiatrists, yes?”

He sat down. “Obviously.”

“More than two?” Will smiled at him.

“Are you gonna ask for their social security numbers next?”

He handed Will a plate. “Perhaps.”

Will took a bite and sighed. “This is good. I…have a pounding headache so…"

Hannibal reached into his pocket and handed him two aspirin. “I expected you would.”

“You…are the only doctor here so…” he took them, and sipped juice as he rolled up his shirt sleeves, “I’ll take anything right now.”

Hannibal stared at his arms, distracted, and Will suddenly snapped his fingers making Hannibal blush. “I’d say I was flattered but I don’t like you.”

Hannibal sighed as he sipped his coffee. “Yes, I know.”

“So, I’m not really sure why—"

“Do you think that you being rude to me with such open hostility would make me less attracted to you?”

Will laughed. “That’s usually how it works, especially with people like you.”

“I find you to be the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen in my entire life and your open hostility might make me not want to pursue a relationship, but it does nothing to curb my attraction.”

Will reached for the glasses he wasn’t wearing and blushed. “Then I guess you’ll just have to look and won’t get to touch.”

Hannibal smiled. “I guess I won’t, but I can still appreciate your beauty, can’t I?”

“I can’t stop you. A lot of rich people like slumm—"

He grabbed Will’s arm. “I assure you, Will. This has nothing to do with our differing statuses. I find you fascinating.”

Will pulled his hand back and stood up looking flushed. “Well, sucks to be you then. I don’t find you all that interesting.”

Hannibal took a bite of eggs still smiling. “Perhaps someday you will.”

Will laughed. “Yeah, right. I hope we never see each other again, *Doc*.”

“We’ll see I suppose. Can I walk you out?”

“No.”

Will left then, and he watched his motorcycle drive away before he called Nigel. “Good morning, how—"

“What is the name of Will’s tattoo shop?”

Nigel scoffed. “Things didn’t go well?”

“Nigel…”

“This Is My Design.”

Hannibal smiled. “Thank you.”

He typed in the name to his phone and dialed, leaving a message. “This is Dr. Hannibal Lecter and I’d like to discuss a tattoo as soon as possible. Thank you.”

He left his number and sat back to finish his breakfast with a smile on his face.

Chapter 2

The minute Hannibal walked into “This Is My Design” he was greeted by a tattooed man with an eyepatch. He paused. “I called just last night and was told I had an appointment?”

“Lecter?”

Hannibal nodded. “Yes.”

“He’s mine.” He turned to see Will with hands on his hips. “Hi Doc.”

Hannibal smiled. “Hello Will.”

Will shook his head. “C’mon back.”

He followed to not a tattoo chair but all the way to an office. Will shut the door and he sat across from him. “So…"

“I’m not giving you a tattoo.”

Hannibal frowned. “You put me on your schedule so you could deny me?”

“Yeah, because I figured if I didn’t, you’d keep showing up. I meant what I said about not liking you. It’s not just the shrink thing. We have nothing in common and I’m not even a little __"

Hannibal pulled the drawing he’d made just last night out of his coat pocket and put it on the desk.

“I want this right over my heart.”

Will picked up the drawing he’d made of a heart - bleeding and decaying - and then up at him. “*You* want this on your chest.”

“Yes. If you’d rather not, I will of course request that you allow me to do it myself.”

Will blinked. “Wait, what?”

Hannibal let out a long breath. “I have not used any tattoo equipment in a very long time but with your guidance I believe I could manage.”

Will looked down at the drawing then up at him. “No.”

Hannibal reached for the drawing and Will grabbed his hand. “I’m not letting you fuck this up. You can do something else if you want but not this. Not this. The name?”

“It is my sister’s.”

Will sighed. “Yeah, I can do it. Not today. Maybe Thursday?”

“Maybe?”

Will laughed. “Thursday morning at ten. Four hours. The whole thing might take a bit more than a month if you want color.”

“I do.”

Will held out his hand and Hannibal grabbed it, the feeling of their skin to skin making him hungry for something he never before had been with a stranger not of his own blood. Connection.

“Thursday then.”

“Thank you, Will.”

Will blushed and took back his hand. “Art that good shouldn’t be given to a novice and you seem like you still might be. But…if you wanna practice…there are other ways.”

Hannibal smiled. “For someone who said he dislikes me you’re being quite nice to me.”

Will laughed. “Get out of here before I change my mind, Doc.”

Hannibal nodded and did not ask for the art back. Nigel called before he even got to his car. “I would’ve done it for free.”

“I know.”

“Do you know what you’re doing?”

Hannibal smiled. “Not really but I don’t want to waste an opportunity when I feel one.”

Nigel sighed. “If you need anything—"

“I know, Nigel. I know.”

Hannibal drove home feeling quite happy about his visit with Will. He could not help but draw Will all evening and even later during one of his sessions with a client. He told himself it was just appreciation for beauty. Later he would realize that in every one of the drawings he’d made of Will not one was of a memory. They were all fantasies.

Hannibal's anticipation for his visit with Will only grew over the two days wait, and he drew countless variations of his vision for the tattoo that he brought along despite knowing Will would have some of his own.

He was surprised when no one was there when he walked inside and Will called out, "I'll be out in a minute, just sit and take off your shirt!" as Hannibal walked into the area where the 'magic' happened. Will's shop was larger than Nigel's - and seemed to have more than just the two artists at work so the fact that they were alone made him oddly happy to sit and take off

his shirt. He folded his coat, then the shirt in question, and heard Will's intake of breath when he saw his back.

"Nigel did that."

Hannibal turned to smile at him. "Yes, my brother did my back tattoo."

"I wouldn't have suspected you'd be the type for a knife and blood, Doc."

Hannibal frowned. "It's symbolic," he just said, sitting now, "He has one that I did on his in return."

Will looked as if he had questions but did not ask them. "Hmm," he just said, handing him a stack of papers, "Here."

Hannibal looked at the recreation of his design and felt tears fill his eyes as he sighed. "Yes, I believe this is sufficient."

"You don't---"

"No, this is it. Thank you. Will we begin today?"

Will looked at his chest and said, "Um, yeah. You shaved, so..." he blushed slightly, and Hannibal preened as he laid back. "Not everywhere."

Will smiled. "If this is Day One, I can't imagine what hell I'm in for."

Hannibal's smile widened. "If this is hell, I'm content to burn."

The way Will blushed harder made him hopeful. "I still don't like you," he said, "Being cocky doesn't help your long list of the reasons why."

Hannibal sighed as he leaned the chair back. "I'm sure you'll add more as we go along, Will."

Will did not look at him as he licked his lip, the ring there making Hannibal wonder what it would feel like under his tongue and a million more fantasies rose up inside him. "I'm sure I will," Will laughed.

Hannibal hardly felt the needle for the next several hours, but he devoured every bit of conversation they shared. Will was just as fascinating as he'd suspected he would be, and he began to imagine the infinite number of tattoos he'd allow on his person if it meant he'd get to keep Will so close. Their relationship may not blossom, but a friendship would be quite nice indeed.

The day ended far too soon, and yet in the weeks that followed he tucked away tidbits he learned of Will.

Will, who loved dogs but had none. Will, who was well versed in modern art and literature but had little love for most. He hinted at an appreciation for more gothic arts - horror in general - and Hannibal began scouring galleries to redecorate by the third session replacing

his own mundane decor with one Will would appreciate. He knew it was far too soon, but he wanted Will to be surprised if he agreed to dinner with just the two of them. Hannibal even bought Will some art for his own home but did not give them to him quite yet.

He needed to pace himself. It was difficult to do so when he was so enthralled. Then, just as they neared the end of his bloodied heart, things went awry.

"Can I ask?" Hannibal frowned. "You can ask me anything."

Will looked uncomfortable. "Mischa, she's...not alive?"

Hannibal's chest tightened. "No."

"Your p--"

"I'd prefer not to speak of this." Will nodded.

"Ok, Doc. See? Some of us can follow people's boundaries."

Hannibal frowned. "When have I violated yours, Will? I never---"

He set down the tattoo gun with a sigh. "I said no, and you showed up here anyway. You gave me this impossible task, and you..."

"You could have said no."

Will scoffed. "You've seen my tats," he said, "You knew I wouldn't."

"Did I? You also offered to help me practice tattooing again, and we have yet to do that. Is that another boundary I crossed?"

Will sat back. "I've been working on the heart for three weeks. We haven't had time."

"We spent an hour last week having lunch together," he said icily, "And the week before we took an hour long break where you showed me Cliff Unger's newest collection and all but swooned at the graphic nature of it."

Will flinched. "Why the fuck are you bringing that up? You....you love talking about dark art, Doc. Don't even pretend I'm forc--"

Hannibal stood up angrily. "I believe I'm feeling unwell. Perhaps we can finish next week."

"We have two more hours!"

"I have no desire to talk to you any longer today, Will."

"I didn't clean you up! You can get an infection!"

Hannibal grabbed his shirt. "I am familiar with tattoo maintenance. I can manage."

"I'm sorry, ok?" Will said, "If you don't want to talk about Mischa, or whatever happened it was wrong of me to ask. Doc--"

He reached for Hannibal's arm, and Hannibal flinched as tears filled his eyes. "Why do you hate psychiatrists?"

Will froze. "I just do."

"Was it a school counselor who first noticed your fascination with death? Did he tell your father you were mentally disturbed?"

Will's lip quivered. "Don't."

Hannibal found he could not stop, the words coming so fast he felt his heart bleeding out onto the floor. "Is that when the nightmares began? Did you enjoy them Will? Is that what scares you? How much you---"

Will slapped him. "FUCK YOU! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!"

Hannibal paled. "Will, I don't know what---"

He pushed him, tears falling down his cheeks, and Hannibal did not stop as he was nearly thrown out the door. Will locked the door as it began to rain, and Hannibal stood there shirtless holding his clothes, as he saw the hatred in Will's eyes. What had he done?

He dragged himself to his car soaking wet, shivering, and called Nigel. "Brolis."

"Shit," Nigel cursed, "What did you do?"

"Nigel-"

"Adam's not here," Nigel said, "You have a key."

The call ended and Hannibal suddenly heard screaming in his ears that was not his own. This had been a mistake. All of it. He drove to Nigel's by muscle memory, and walked inside to Nigel bringing him to the chair where he cleaned off the coloring will had done, and even covered it.

"You opened your mouth, huh?"

Hannibal sighed. "He asked of Mischa. I overreacted."

Nigel sighed, grabbing a cigarette out of the box, and Hannibal stopped him before he put them away. He took one of his own and coughed as he lit it, taking a long drag. Hannibal hadn't had a cigarette since he was fifteen, and yet it felt like it had only been yesterday.

Nigel smiled. "I told Adam," he said, taking another drag, "He cried, and he had nightmares that night but we're fine. It's not the worst thing to let go of, Brother. You know? It's not like it made us fucking serial killers."

Hannibal closed his eyes as he took another drag. "No, it merely made us afraid of connection, and....fear losing it."

Nigel laughed. "Yeah, but at least I've still got a chance. I'm willing to fucking bet you blew it." Hannibal took another long inhale and let it out as he remembered the look of betrayal in Will's eyes.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," he sighed, looking at him, "Can you finish it for me?"

Nigel nodded. "You know I can."

Hannibal watched Nigel finish coloring the heart a week later, just the two of them, and the ache of regret made him ask Nigel to include something not in his original drawing. “Can you add Will’s name beside hers?”

Nigel rolled his eyes. “You’re such a drama queen.”

“Nigel—" He did add Will’s name despite not wanting to, and they sat together after while he told him just what had happened.

“Fuck, you’re an asshole.”

“I suppose I overreacted to Will’s questioning.”

Nigel scoffed. “He asked about Mischa, and you obliterated any good feelings he may have grown towards you. Yeah, a little overreaction.”

Hannibal’s chest tightened as he sat up to grab his shirt. “Yes, well…”

“How many sugar daddy boyfriend gifts did you get him already? Ten? Twenty?”

Hannibal blushed. “Will and I were not dating, so I couldn’t get him any boyfriend gifts.”

Nigel took a long drag and blew it out into Hannibal’s face. “Sure, you didn’t,” he sighed, scratching his neck.

He sipped his coffee just as the groan of the steps from above made Hannibal know Adam was near. Adam came down in a blue robe covered in stars looking almost expertly disheveled. “Oh, hello Hannibal. Are you here to get the tattoo finished that made you so mean to Will?”

Hannibal glared at Nigel who just smirked as Adam came to sit on his hip, taking Nigel’s coffee for a sip. “Yes, Adam. I see Nigel shares everything with you. I’m happy for him.”

Adam leaned against Nigel who began caressing his back, and Hannibal felt oddly intrusive being there for a moment as Adam wiggled. “Yes, we don’t have secrets, even other people’s secrets.”

Hannibal sighed as he buttoned up his shirt, standing. “I believe I should be on my—"

“I heard you talk about presents,” Adam said, making him turn, “I think Will would like a gift even if he hates you now. We sent him some tattoo things after the dinner as an apology and he was happy about it. I think….he trusted you more than you thought he did. Which is why he thought you trusted him right back.”

Hannibal blinked. “I…I suppose I could offer a token of apology even if he doesn’t accept, I can’t imagine he’ll destroy it."

Adam nodded, moving to sit on his vacated seat as he yawned, and Hannibal watched Nigel stare at him with an almost awed look. “Have a good day, Hannibal.”

“You as well, though I imagine the way Nigel is looking you’ll have a very nice morning indeed.”

Nigel blushed and gave him the finger as Adam laughed, and the ache in his chest as he turned away was not from the finished artwork over his heart. He drove home, gave his newly finished tattoo some maintenance, and spent the afternoon looking through the gifts he’d sequestered for Will.

He had eleven Cliff Unger paintings, many Will had expressed interest in pointedly, and even some ridiculous things like dog statues with piercings he’d seen in the Unger online gift shop. Hannibal ate lunch still thinking. And ended up sending all eleven not two hours later. It was most definitely a mistake, too much too soon, but he wanted Will to have them. The scheduled delivery was to be the following morning because he paid for expedited shipping. He began to consider calling the delivery service and cancel the delivery but just let himself get lost in cooking dinner not trying to worry. He hasn’t put in any note, or even a sign the paintings were from him. Perhaps Will wouldn’t connect him to the gifts.

Hannibal went to bed thinking he would at least be able to give him this, if only as a thank you for their broken friendship. He canceled his appointments the following day, checking the tracking religiously, and when he saw DELIVERED he breathed a sigh of relief. It was done then. Hannibal was depressed most of the afternoon now that he had gotten rid of the Unger paintings, and the only one he’d hung up in place of the Leda and the Swan almost mocked him as he stared at the creature crawling out of black sludge with antlers and covered in viscera.

“Will.”

His cell ringing made him startle and he sighed as he answered, “Nigel.”

“ELEVEN?”

Hannibal paused. “Will…”

“He came to dump them all in the middle of my shop and left. Not one word. You’re insane.”

His jaw tightened. “I will retrieve them when I come to dinner next week.”

“Hanni-"

He ended the call, heading to his office, and pulled out his sketchbook. And drew Will. Just Will for the next several hours. Hannibal drew him in all sorts of ways: covered in blood, draped in finery, a warrior fighting, and as just himself in tears. He drew until his hands hurt, tears stinging, and then got in his car to drive. It was a terrible idea, but he needed to purge his fantasies of Will, rid himself of this horrible feeling, and when he walked inside "This Is My Design" he bypassed the man with the eyepatch and threw the sketchbook at Will's feet. There was a woman in the chair, her eyes wide, and Will glared at him. "*Get out.*"

He didn't say a word when he left, his own mistakes having caused him such ache, and just sat in the car unmoved. Hannibal waited for Will to return the sketchbook. He didn't.

He finally left after several hours and walked into Nigel's shop at closing. Nigel was finishing up, and didn't look at him as he walked across the room and sat in the chair normally occupied by Aiden. He rolled up his sleeves, tears stinging his eyes, and pulled out a tattoo gun. Nigel didn't stop him. He would not have let him anyway. Hannibal was unskilled, out of practice, and holding the needle to his skin brought back terrible memories but he did not stop. The minute Nigel came up to view his work he whistled.

"What a mess."

Hannibal smiled. "Thank you for the boost of confidence."

He felt Nigel take his wrist to steady it as he finished, their hands both shaking, and as the sky grew dark Hannibal admired his first finished piece in decades. A pair of glasses, broken, and covered in blood.

"Are they all gonna make you look like an obsessed stalker?"

Hannibal smiled. "Perhaps."

Nigel cleaned him off, looking pleased, and he stood there admiring his creation.

"When's the next one?"

Hannibal looked up at him. "Soon."

Chapter 3

Hannibal canceled all his appointments for the rest of the week, though he was anxious to add an additional tattoo to his arm Nigel insisted he wait. So, he drew ideas for his tattoos, small insignificant pieces and large elaborate ones that made his skin almost beg to bleed. He did not get the sketchbook back and was unsure if perhaps he should've finished it completely before he left it at Will's feet. Too late now. His hands ached two days in, and he began dictating letters to Will of apology.

"….and the darkness inside you is not to be ridiculed as I did, and I deeply regret the malicious behavior I displayed but know you no longer wish to see me. I would very much like you to have the paintings but understand why you returned them. I will not display them for now but perhaps someday. Yours, Hannibal."

Hannibal sighed as he ended this one, the audio recordings saved in his phone, and took another sip of brandy, feeling quite lonely now in the quiet of his home. He'd hardly felt social as of late, his regret a living breathing thing, and as his sore hands suddenly ached for an outlet to his sadness his doorbell rang. Hannibal pulled out his phone. It was nearly ten thirty. He had no missed calls or texts. His heart skipped a beat as he rushed from the study and tried not to get his hopes dashed as he opened the door.

There was nothing but a single bag sitting on his porch. He heard a motorcycle and ran out to see one disappear into the night. Hannibal opened the bag, and his chest ached at the sight of his sketchbook and nothing more. He dragged himself inside and clutched it to his chest as he returned to the study where he finished his drink before he sat at the desk prepared to gaze at Will's destruction of his drawings. But, as he flipped through them, he just saw Will's beautiful face and nothing more. That was until he got to the last and saw much, much more. Will had added to the sketchbook. Every picture matched his own, Hannibal covered in blood, draped in finery, a warrior fighting, and the last was an uncanny likeness of himself as a boy in tears. He laid his head against the last, tears falling, and could hardly breathe. Was this a gift or was it a goodbye?

Hannibal forced himself to let go of the sketchbook and decided to respond in kind. He took the dictated letters and transferred them to a drive - there had to be ten by now - and placed that and his sketchbook of tattoos in the bag Will had left. He got in the car, still shaken, and drove to "This Is My Design" shocked to see the lights on. Hannibal had planned on leaving everything behind the shop, or perhaps staying until morning, but as he walked up he saw movement and Will must've seen he just froze. He hooked the bag on the door and didn't wait as he headed to the car.

"HANNIBAL!"

He froze, biting his lip as he heard Will's voice for the first time in forever, and turned. "Will?"

Will held onto the door with an iron grip, his lip quivering. “Don’t come back,” he said simply, his voice thick, “This isn’t-I can’t forgive you. You….”

“Will, I—"

He rushed inside and locked the door, turned away as Hannibal suddenly let himself feel the one last ache he’d been keeping from the surface. There was nothing more he could do. Hannibal turned only to pause as he walked back to the door and called the shop. The phone rang and rang, Will unmoved. He could hardly see through his tears as he kept on, and when Will got up, he let out a long breath at being answered.

“You do not have to speak,” he whispered, “I…I just need you to listen. They came in the night,” he said, leaning against the glass, “We heard the window break, so Nigel and I went to Mischa. She was…so small and yet so brave. We should’ve taken her,” he sighed, “Oh how I wish…" He heard Will sniffle. “…but we didn’t. We went to find the cause and found our parents’ bodies before we were taken ourselves, bound and gagged. They took her, Will. We heard her screams, but we…we could do nothing. They starved us for days, screamed for combinations of safes we did not know, and we became shells. Then they brought a meal and…we were reborn as monsters. We ate until they laughed and taunted that we’d ‘enjoyed her’ and we vomited. I found a finger in my soup, a vile horror, and then we broke our wrists to be freed and killed them all. It was days later we…we were found wandering like animals in the woods. Nigel says it was a miracle we did not stay beasts.” Will let out a long breath. “I know darkness, Will. I have feared it every waking hour. That was until I saw yours. You frighten me in the best of ways, and I used that against you. I can never take back my cruelty. I just… wanted you to know the cause. Goodbye.”

He ended the call hardly able to see through his tears and drove to Nigel’s shop where he parked and slept until there was a knock on his window come morning. It was Adam. Hannibal rolled it down.

“Hello Adam.”

“Nigel is sleeping,” he said, “Do you want breakfast?”

Hannibal nodded and went inside where Adam made him some bland cereal that he ate with a hunger he had not felt in a long time. Adam asked no questions, merely sat with him, and when Nigel came down the second their eyes met he knew.

“Leave us alone, Darling.”

Adam frowned. “No secrets, Nigel.”

“This is not a secret,” he said, coming to kiss his forehead, “Hannibal may not want you to see him in a minute.”

Adam got up and headed out of the room but patted Hannibal’s shoulder as he passed. “You survived that,” he said , “You can survive anything.”

The minute he was gone Nigel brought him coffee. “What did he say?”

“I did not wait for a response.”

Nigel sighed. “But?”

He blinked back tears. “He has all that’s left of my remorse. I can do no more.”

“Brolis—"

Hannibal felt a tear fall down his cheek. “I’d like to do another,” he said hoarsely, “An eye."

“His?”

“Obviously.”

Nigel scoffed as he took a sip of coffee. “And?”

Hannibal suddenly could hardly see through his tears. “Hers.”

Nigel got up then and seemed ready to move past him but paused to wrap an arm around his neck as he hugged him. “Letting go would…be easier.”

Hannibal closed his eyes. “Brolis.”

Nigel sighed. “You can do it in three weeks,” he said simply, “No sooner.”

Hannibal smiled as he nodded and Nigel let go with a grunt, leaving him in the kitchen. He pulled out his phone to see the time and frowned when he saw he had a text message from an unknown number. He clicked the notification and froze. It was of a very familiar arm. The tattoo was an outline hardly begun, but it was obviously in development. It was the very last drawing he’d given to Will just last night.

A black antlered creature cradling a wounded wolf in its arms. Hannibal stared for far too long, unsure of what to say. Then just a three-word text came: I See You.

He texted through his tears: May I See You?

His reply: Yes

Chapter 4

Hannibal sat outside “This Is My Design” and stared at the closed sign as he tried to calm himself. Will was inside waiting, he knew, and yet his worry as to what may happen kept him from leaving his Bentley. Perhaps it would be better not to go inside, foster a warm camaraderie once again via text message, and then---

The sight of Will coming toward the door made him grip the steering wheel tight, hands shaking as Will unlocked to step outside. He was slightly disheveled, eyes red rimmed, and his arms were covered by long sleeves he did not need in the warm climate. He turned to head back inside, and Hannibal undid his seatbelt before he rushed to follow.

Will held the door when he stepped in after him, and he locked the door behind them. “Were you just gonna stay out there all day?”

“Perhaps.” Will scoffed as he headed for the office, not upstairs.

“You’ve been here so often people might talk soon, thinking I really do have a stalker. Poor Bev thought you were an angry ex---”

He reached up to touch Will’s shoulder and stopped himself as Will turned to see him hesitate. “Sit.”

Hannibal nodded as he sat across from Will who sat in his desk chair. He had on no glasses and rubbed his temple with a sigh.

“I didn’t….this is why I don’t socialize.”

He frowned. “Will…”

Will glared at him. “You had no right.”

“I know, and I---”

“Just SHUT UP!” Will snapped, tapping his hand on the desk, “I….I really….I trusted you. I shouldn’t have, because you’re a shrink and if anything, a shrink is gonna shrink, right?”

Hannibal bit his tongue, and Will suddenly started to unbutton his black long shirt to reveal a short-sleeved white undershirt beneath as he shrugged out of it. His finished sleeve did not catch Hannibal’s eye this time, but the bandaged new tattoo on his upper arm did. He slowly took off the bandage, and Hannibal gasped at the sight of the outline of his drawing.

“Will.”

Will sighed. “I was up all night,” he said, his voice shaking, “I listened to those damn voice letters like ten times, trying to find the catch. Trying—” he sighed and looked at him with tear filled eyes, “How do I know you’re not gonna turn on me again?”

Hannibal shook his head as he stared at the tattoo. “You do not.”

“So, I’m just supposed to be ok with my boyfriend—”

He looked up in surprise. “Boyfriend?”

Will blushed. “Friend, I meant…I meant friend,” he mumbled, scratching his chin as he looked away, “I meant friend.”

Hannibal let out a long breath. “I know I do not deserve your forgiveness,” he said softly, “But….you texted that you….you *see* me. I had hoped….”

He got up from the chair and walked out of the room, leaving Hannibal confused to say the least. Perhaps it had been a mistake to come here. Hannibal stood just as Will returned and paused in the doorway holding his sketchbook.

“Where are you going? Sit.”

He sat again as Will reoccupied the office chair, and he watched him flip through the book and turn it toward him. The picture in question was of Will’s eye alongside Mischa’s. The very same tattoo Hannibal had mentioned to Nigel.

“Is that…”

“Yes.”

Will turned to look at it again, his tongue teasing his lip ring. “Is this….this isn’t normal, Doc,” he said, looking up, “You know?”

Hannibal’s jaw clenched. “I’m aware my past may make you feel less inclined to---”

“That’s not what I meant!” Will snapped, making him look up in surprise, “I meant you making all these….” he set the book down, “You filled page after page of me like I’m some kind of action figure, and then in the second book…you make these….they’re tattoos, right?”

He smiled. “Yes, Will. I had hoped to put them on myself at some point, as I’ve done already, but I am not upset you chose one of them for your own.”

Will blinked. “Wait, you got another tattoo?”

Hannibal nodded. “Yes.”

“What….”

Hannibal unbuttoned his wrist and rolled up his sleeve as Will grabbed his arm leaning over to view. “Oh.”

“It was on a whim, but---”

He ran his finger over the glasses, and Hannibal trembled at the touch. “It’s….not really Nigel’s style, I---”

“I did it myself.”

Will looked up in surprise. “You?”

“Yes,” he said, blushing, as he took his arm back, rolling it down, “I know it’s not very well done, but I am still trying to relearn. I imagine—”

“No, it’s not bad,” Will said, sitting again as his heart skipped a beat when he smiled, “It’s a little stalkery but….it’s not bad.”

“Thank you, Will.”

“I didn’t mean you’re not normal,” Will said, licking his lips again, “I meant this,” he gestured between them, “You and me. I….I went to a lot of shit shrinks to stop having….” Tears stung the corner of his eyes.

“Having what?”

“Fixations,” Will said, his voice shaking as he looked at his other arm, fingers brushing it almost lovingly, “I….my thoughts are….often not tasty, Doc, and never have been. That’s why when you….”

Hannibal grabbed his hand, and he flinched but did not push him away as he squeezed.

“I want to know them all,” he said, his voice thick, “I….I want to know you, Will. I….I….I confess I’m very attracted to you in all ways. All of them.”

Will blushed. “You told me you had a thing for me already, Doc. You don’t….”

Hannibal kissed his hand and Will shivered. “A thing is not the word I would use, Will. Not at all. It’s very trivial a word for what I feel even just being in the same room as you are now.”

Will let out a long breath, blushing harder, and licked his lip ring again.

“I tried to kill my dad when I was twelve.”

Hannibal blinked as he leaned in closer. “You…how?”

A tear fell down his cheek as he laughed. “I just told you I tried to kill my dad when I was twelve and you’re looking at me like I said I want to get married.”

He squeezed Will’s hand and entwined their fingers.

“I would not be averse.” Will giggled, falling forward as he put his head on the desk, and Hannibal could not resist touching his hair as he sighed. “Will.”

He sniffled. “He….he wasn’t---a bad dad, but…”

“Will, I am so sorry,” he whispered, tears filling his eyes, “If I had any idea---”

Will looked up with a smile but kept his head on the desk.

“You would’ve still said it,” he whispered, shaking his head, “You know you would’ve.”

Hannibal sighed. “Perhaps.”

“I was bullied,” he whispered, “Relentlessly. My father kept saying ‘pull yourself up by the bootstraps, Kid. Give ‘em the old right cross! I….” he whimpered, sitting up now as tears fell down his face, “I was barely a hundred pounds! I….I needed him to tell me he’d fix it, and he…he just looked at me weird, and then he found my journals.”

Hannibal took his other hand and Will squeezed back. “And?”

“I talked about everything in them,” Will sighed, “I talked about wanting to kill my bullies, about….murder and….blood and…it wasn’t like I was gonna do it! They were MY journals, private thoughts no one was supposed to read and….” he let go of Hannibal’s hand to wipe at his eyes, “He…he told me I was messed in the head and that he wanted to….I couldn’t….I’d been to so many counselors by then in so many schools because we kept moving and it was HIS fault. Not mine! I wasn’t about to get put in a psych ward so I….I tried to strangle him when he was passed out in his chair. He was bigger, he overpowered me, and….then I was in the psych ward for months.”

He kissed Will’s hands, then up his arm, and Will whimpered as he nuzzled his forearm.

“And your time there….”

Will shook his head as he bit his lip.

“Will…”

He looked at him. “No one…it was bad,” he whispered hoarsely, “But….it could’ve been worse. The shrinks there, they…I have this thing where I….I can see anyone’s point of view, get into their heads. They noticed at the group meetings and I-“

Hannibal let out a long breath as he lay against Will’s arm. “Pure empathy.”

Will nodded as he wiped at his eyes. “That’s why I….I could see you trying to get…you weren’t subtle, Doc.”

Hannibal blushed. “Perhaps not.”

“But I don’t get close to people,” he whispered, touching his face as Hannibal frowned, “Not like this. I….even the people I met there I….”

“How did you get out of the ward?”

“He got me out,” Will said, touching Hannibal’s hair, “Wouldn’t look at me, but he threw out all my ‘evil’ stuff. I….I rebelled in college because I didn’t need him after scholarships. I….I got my first tattoo then, and….didn’t stop. Every dark thought I had was on bodies – if not my own then someone else’s. You saying that stuff, it….fuck it put me back there and I….”

“Where is your father now?”

A tear fell down Will’s cheek as he smiled. “Why, Doc? You gonna pay him a visit?”

Hannibal frowned. “Perhaps.”

Will shook his head. “He’s dead,” he said, his voice tight, “And we barely spoke after I left home so…it doesn’t matter.”

Hannibal lifted his head in tears. “Will.”

He touched his cheek again. “I hate socializing with people because I….I can see them. I know why they are how they are and….fuck. People like you are the worst of them.” he grabbed his chin hard, leaning in closer, “I’ve had them in my face in stores telling me how fucked up I am, and then you’re a shrink it…you had no chance that first night, Hannibal.”

“And now?”

“Now,” Will said, leaning in closer as he smiled, licking his lip, “You’re the pretentious asshole who called me crazy and drew a million amazing pictures of me as like….a serial killer and a…” he laughed as a tear fell down his cheek, “A fucking wolf. A wolf.”

“Will….”

“Or am I the wendigo and you’re the wolf?”

“Which of us has eaten human flesh?”

Will laughed then covered his mouth. “Oh god, sorry, I shouldn’t---”

Hannibal moved his hand and smiled. “Please don’t, I….please do not hide your handsome face.”

He blushed again. “Don’t.”

“Will….”

“I missed you,” Will said softly, his voice shaking, “Like, *really* missed you.”

Hannibal sighed. “I felt torn in half when I….I hurt you so badly. All I could think about was you All…”

“AND THE PAINTINGS!” Will said suddenly throwing his hands up as he laughed, “You spent like what eighty grand? Getting me all that? You’re insane! You…”

Hannibal put his hands under his chin and watched Will rant about his overspending, riding the high of his smile, and when Will paused to blush, he only heard, "….so obsessed with me."

He blinked. "I apologize, I was---"

Will grabbed his chin and leaned in again, their mouths so close he could smell waffles on his breath. "Staring at me like a starving wendigo," Will teased, "Doc…"

"Do you forgive me, Will?"

He sighed. "Y…yeah," he said, "Yes."

Hannibal let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding as they drew closer to each other.

"Thank you, Will. I---"

"I want you to finish my tattoo," Will said in a rush, letting go of him as he stood up almost running, "I can help you steady it, but it's yours, and I…"

He blinked as Will rushed out of the room, and followed to where he already sat in the chair, "It might take a few hours, but we've got time, right?"

Hannibal frowned. "I suppose."

Will blushed. "So…"

Hannibal grabbed his wrist as Will trembling under his touch. "Will."

He let out a shaken breath. "Hannibal…."

"Why are you shaking?"

Will bit his bottom lip and then gave him a forced smile. "I'm just scared you're gonna tear my arm up, right?"

Hannibal made no move to touch the tattoo gun but instead let him go as he took off his suitcoat.

"What are you doing?"

He ignored him, folding it nicely, and then began to roll up his shirtsleeves but then looked at Will a moment before he unbuttoned his shirt.

"Hannibal---"

Hannibal didn't stop, not once looking away, and then sat rolling up to Will so he could see the finished heart over his own. Will gasped, sitting up, and looked at the coloration. "Oh… it….I would've went darker."

“You still can.”

“No, I…” he paused, reaching out, and gasped as his fingers brushed over the tattoo, “Hannibal….”

“Nigel,” he sighed, “Said I was a drama queen, but I felt your name fit right near hers.”

Will looked up in tears. “You barely know me.”

Hannibal touched his cheek. “Perhaps,” he said, smiling, “But I….I see you and you see me. Don’t you, Will?”

He sighed. “Yes.”

“I do believe the length of time we’ve known each other may not be long, but perhaps…we knew and loved each other in another life.”

Will let out a sob. “Hannibal…oh god, I hate you so much.”

“Wi---”

Hannibal froze as Will kissed him, unsure of what to do, and felt Will pull back just as he sprung forward, pushing him down onto the chair. He circled Will’s lip ring with his tongue, making him moan, and felt Will’s nails dig into his back as their bodies were pulled closer to each other. He reached for Will’s jeans, nearly ripping them as Will laughed, arching up, as he kicked them off. Hannibal undid his own, barely having them halfway down his hips, and Will reached for him as he did the same. It was rushed, but still perfect, their mouths pressed together as they moaned, hands stroking each other through as they panted for breath, and when Hannibal came it was with a cry pressing Will down harder as he watched his eyes widen at his own orgasm.

“FUCK!”

Hannibal kissed down his neck as he stroked him through, whispering words in other languages as Will’s fingers came through his hair, and he finally was pulled into an embrace collapsing over Will as he kissed his neck in return.

“Mmm,” Will sighed, “That was….yeah.”

“I apologize for the rush,” Hannibal whispered, “I….I had wanted our first time to be….”

Will lifted his head and smiled. “All flowers and candles?”

“Something along those lines.”

Will kissed him softly. “We’ve got time,” he whispered, “Plus….we’ve got other places we haven’t touched yet.”

Hannibal sighed. “Yes, we do.”

“But….I’m gonna get shit for doing anything in the shop. It’s not sanitary and…”

“I can help sanitize?”

Will laughed. “Right now, the best help you can be is to come upstairs and let me mess you up a little more.”

Hannibal smiled. “I’d like that very much.”

“You’d say yes to anything, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

Will blushed, touching his face, and kissed him again, hands coming around his throat and tightening slightly as Hannibal’s breath caught. “This ok?”

He nodded, trembling, and Will kissed him again as he tightened his grip just as a cough made them both turn. Will let go of him fast. “Um, Duncan---”

Duncan, who was apparently the man with the eyepatch, just put up a hand. “I didn’t see anything,” he said, blushing slightly, “But….you’re gonna clean that chair and the whole place or I’ll tell Bev and Bobby.”

Will sighed. “Yeah, yeah we will.”

Hannibal frowned. “Are you not the owner of this establishment? Is it proper to talk to---”

Will smiled against his cheek. “I’m the owner, Doc, but I still have to respect the people who rent from me. C’mon, help me clean up.”

They cleaned up the chair, though Hannibal did not see any reasons for it, and headed right upstairs where Will showed him his very small shower. It was small enough they barely fit inside but he cared very little when Will was pressed so tightly against him, and the ache to want to be even closer made it difficult not to grow overcome with Will’s attention but he managed. The two of them fell onto Will’s bed after, still wet from the shower, and he pressed Will down onto a full bed as he filled him, biting and sucking marks all over his neck as Will screamed in ecstasy. He collapsed over him, panting for breath, and Will sighed happily as he kissed him several times while he felt overcome with exhaustion.

“Will, that was---”

“Mmm,” Will said, touching his neck, “Perfect.” “Sleep, Doc. I….I think we both need it.”

“This day has been….a dream I do not want to wake up from.”

Will grinned and rolled onto his side as he laid himself on Hannibal, resting his face right over Hannibal’s heart. “Neither do I, Doc. Neither do I.”

They slept till almost sundown and woke up to make love again. Hannibal stared up at him then, hands traveling down Will’s torso, and got to see just how many more tattoos had all

over his body.

“Will….you are….beautiful.”

Will blushed. “I…”

“You are,” he repeated, kissing Will’s torso as he sighed, “Every tattoo, every inch of blank skin, is….more beautiful than the last.”

“Hannibal…”

He looked up at him in tears as Will touched his cheek. “If I were to ask, would you….transfer your dark thoughts to my skin instead of others?”

Will blinked. “What?”

“You said you would put your dark thoughts to others’ skin so they would leave you, but I….” he took Will’s hand, “I would like to be the canvas for your dark thoughts.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “Doc…”

“Please?”

Will let out a long breath as he nodded, and Hannibal kissed him again softly.

“Will you let me love you?”

He smiled. “Yeah, Doc, as long as…you do the same.”

Hannibal blinked back tears as he kissed his hand. “I can think of no greater honor, than your love, Will. No greater.”

Will kissed him then, flipping them over, and soon they grew lost in each other once again. Not that Hannibal minded.

He’d never felt so happy.

And knew he’d spend a lifetime making Will as happy as he’d already made him.

THE END

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